THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

VOL. I.] *PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH-DAY, 10th of Eighth Month,* 1805. [No. 35.

The price of the Evening Fire-side is three dollars per annum.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

TO SERENA.

At summer eve, when Hesper's dewy ray
Lights the blue wave and sparkles from on high,
And the mild radiance of declining day,
Yields pensive pleasure to the observant eye;

Say, fair Serena, o'er the silent plain
Dost thou with softened bosom love to rove;
To list to youthful hope's enchanting strain,
The charms of friendship or the sweets of love?

Beware, fond maid, nor build thy hopes too high,
Regard my warning, 'tis a friend who calls:
How oft sweet hope, at disappointment's sigh,
Prone from the height of expectation falls.

Canst thou survey this ever-changing scene,
That blooms to fade and flatters to betray;
And dost thou think that naught will intervene,
To bid the fairy prospect fade away?

For hard necessity that hears no plea,
Or pale disease, or sorrow's wasting sigh,
Shall bear the promised pleasure far from thee,
Or draw the tears of anguish from thy eye.

Canst thou survey, and deem thyself secure?
For even if friendship never change her smile,
Yet there are wounds her magic cannot cure—
The stings of guilt she never can beguile.

Even thou, whose artless bosom never knew,
The pangs of vice, by folly ill conceal'd,
Tho' fair the prospect opening on thy view,
Even thou to frail mortality must yield.

Will heaven reverse the immutable decree,
That made us heirs of misery and of shame?—
Oh no! fair maid, it will not even for thee,
The child of nature unchastised by pain.

Why heaves thy breast with unavailing sighs?
There beams from heaven a reconciling ray,
To light our rugged passage to the skies,
And guide the wanderer to eternal day.

There burns a flame that never shall expire—
Our steps directing with mysterious skill—
Catch thou a spark from that immortal fire
Alone sufficient in the hour of ill.

Yon radiant form* that beckons from on high,
Was once the daughter of disease and pain—
To thee she calls and bids the moments fly,
And bring her sister to her arms again.

To thee she calls from yonder realms of light,
Cerulean fields where angel-pinions wave,
From earth's encumbering dust to wing thy flight,
And smile at death, and triumph in the grave.

EDWIN.

* The sister of Estella died some years past in early life.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

'No doubt *it is a shoe.*'

Wonderful have been the researches, scientific labours and discoveries of the human mind; and rapid its present progress in the enlargement and improvement of arts and sciences!—even of many which were, several ages ago, supposed to be mature in their progress, and complete in their arrangements. Nor can man arrogate to himself a right to bound the future attainments of human genius, in exploring the arcana of nature, within specific limits:—especially as we are apprised of the approach of a period, when our *moral* discoveries, (immensely exceeding in depth of penetration, every thing of a physical nature) shall be so far mature, as that *we shall know* in our relations to the general system of being, *even as also we are known:* by *seeing*, no longer *through a glass darkly, but face to face*, in evident demonstrations of spiritual communication.

Of the various subjects in natural philosophy, it is very probable that few remain more inaccurately systematized than the *air*, in its constituent properties, and distinct component substances.

The existence of the *wind*, and its mode of operation, we are very sensible of, although it be not visible in its own proper form; but by the incorporation of vapour and smoke, it becomes visible to the naked eye; and by various chymical processes it is subjected to experimental tests, which lead a great way into a knowledge of its grosser component ingredients and intermixtures. Next to *wind*, we are sensible, by various exemplifications, of the existence of a fluid much more rare and active, which has been by some denominated *An Ethereal Fluid**. It is witnessed at sea, in driving an undulation on the surface of the water, contrary to the course of the prevailing wind; but always in that direction to which the wind is shortly after to shift. And it is known on the land, by wafting a sound contrary to the course of the breeze; and in forewarning of a change of weather, by conveying the roar of the surf, or surges breaking on the seashore, for many miles inland; sometimes to 30 or 40, in calm weather, and for several miles beyond the usual distance against a strong counter-current of air.

Next to this, we cannot remain ignorant of the existence of a fluid still more rare, attenuated and active, which we call *Electricity*, which has been very peculiarly a subject of inquiry and experimental test. And within this again, is another fluid, still more attenuated and universal, which we call *Magnetism*;—that it is a fluid diffused abroad, may be variously evinced; but the numerous attestations of land-surveyors, may be admitted as sufficient:—who find, that when the face and cover of the compass fits very nicely, and no ventilating aperture provided for admitting a circulation of the air about the needle, after exposing such an instrument for some length of time in damp situations, when the air is extremely dense, the needle will remain torpid; entirely divested of its magnetic properties, until a communication has been renewed with the external air, either by taking off the cover, or by communicating such a degree of warmth to the glass, as will dilate its pores, and thereby restore the equilibrium of the air confined in the compass; which will revivify the needle, and restore its magnetic properties: breathing for an extended breath, full on the surface of the glass,

* See Essays, by Felix O'Gallaher.

being sometimes sufficient for the purpose.—And,

Within the whole of the fore-mentioned fluids, we do not doubt the existence of a *principle*, which rules supreme in the powers of nature, traversing its influences in all possible directions; and binding and interlocking systems together in their due orders and dependences, which we generally denominate *Attraction*; of which our subject does not lead us to treat.

These are principles, substances, and constituent forms of that part of the atmosphere, with which the offices of animation immediately contact: but should we go abroad into the extended region, there exists a possibility, that many discoveries remain there to be made, of which we are at present wholly ignorant.

It is reasonable to conclude, that the ethereal substance of the *Empyreum*, may be infinitely more rare, attenuated, pure and subtile, than that which we call *light*, in the region we inhabit: next to which may be some distinct fluid which is modifiable into the form of *heat*; either in its own substance, or in certain compounds with other fluid substances: Next inferior in subtilty may be a distinct substance of *Flame*: and next to that, and last of all in that class, may be the matter we call *Fire*, one of the nominal elements.

That *fire* can subsist without a free circulation of air, is admitted by all; and that it may subsist without *flame*, will no longer be doubted, when a few facts are attended to.

Our furnaces, generally speaking, notwithstanding the immense potency of their blasting heat, do not emit as much *flame*, as a few pounds weight of dry shavings, or even a few ounces of well carded cotton would do, in a serene night-season.

An idea of the amazing magazine of *fire* contained in *Vesuvius* or *Ætna*, may be readily conceived; yet for many months together, they neither emit visible flame or smoke.

And tar-kilns, which are piles of the most resinous and inflammable wood which is to be met with, and extended to the dimensions of 30 to 50 feet diameter in a circular mass, and raised to near 20 feet of perpendicular height, will be entirely reduced to coal; and if not purposely prevented, to ashes; from which will exude from one to two hundred barrels of tar; and during the whole process, if properly conducted, there may never appear, for the space of one minute's continuance, more flame than would arise from a well ordered hearth-fire:—Insomuch that persons are necessitated to remain on the top of the kiln, during the term of its running.

These instances abundantly evidence the existence and power of *fire*, in the absence of active *flame*; and show, that if they be not distinct substances, their formal appearances are very various, in several conspicuous cases.

But on viewing the subject a little more accurately, we may possibly discover *flame* in the absence of consuming *fire*: Persons familiarly acquainted with the ordinary appearance of *flame* arising from bodies freely consuming in the open air, may discover on the south aspect of a wall, or smooth hill, in a serene autumnal noon-tide, all the appearances of *flame*, without the existence of consuming fire. That it is of the heating nature of *fire*, the comfort which it affords, during the prevalence of a N. W. breeze, will abundantly testify, to those who enjoy its atmosphere; and that it does not *consume*, the most inflammable kinds and textures of our garments will evince. Here then is *flame*, without material *consuming fire*; as we already have discovered the most potent blasts of *fire* without *flame*; or with a very restricted proportion thereof.

It may therefore remain to be discovered, that the material form of *fire*, is contained principally in the tangible elements; and that *flame*, in its formal substance, is contained, as a highly attenuated fluid, altogether in the air. Of course, when flammable materials are consuming in the open air, they consume more rapidly, and their decomposing particles pass off more in the form of *flame* than of smoke: but as the *fire*, afforded by the pile, obtains its *pabulum* from the latent magazine, inherent in the materials of that pile, and may subsist independent on the *flame*; so the *flame*, which does not depend for subsistence, either on the *fire*, or its fuel, must require a *pabulum* likewise, to support its consumption: and if this *pabulum* of *flame*, be seated in the air, (as presumed in the foregoing disquisition) it will necessarily excite an extraordinary influx of the surrounding air, and that in due proportion to the fury of the *flames*; producing a mighty rushing in of wind from the surrounding space; so as, in some cases, when the conflagration is very dreadful, almost to produce a storm of wind in that region, while those most remote may remain nearly calm.

Should this appear founded, it will follow, that a fire kindled in a serene noon-tide, on the south aspect of a wall or bank, where the genuine flame is highly excited by the rays of the sun, so much of the dispersed *pabulum*, must be attracted and engrossed by this genuine inflammation, as to leave the fire destitute of its due supply, whence, the fuel may slowly consume by *fire*, while it can attract, or emit, but very little, or no flame: while the same kind of fuel, kindled on the opposite side of the wall, where the native *flame* is unexcited, may blaze out with the utmost vigour.

This again being admitted, there will remain no doubt, that when the same genuine exhalation of *flame* takes place in a close room, from which the air is excluded by glazed windows, a fire kindled in that room, must obtain the smallest possible quantity of the *pabulum* of *flame*, and may gradually be extinguished under the effusion of genuine excitation, by the vivifying influence of the rays of light shining into that part of the room; as a *taper is extinguished when placed under a bushel.*

SPECULATOR.

Adepts will excuse technical defects.

July 30, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Memory of Hannah Morris, who died at Philadelphia, the 21st of 3d mo. 1792.—*By a female friend.*

Ere from mine eye was wip'd the funeral tear,
That o'er a sister's closing grave was shed,
Another solemn call of death I hear,
In the lov'd friend, thus number'd with the dead.

Midst such repeated wounds, such heart-felt pain,
Mingled with feeble Nature's swift decline,
No human springs of comfort, can sustain;
No power, but power Almighty and divine;

Sufficient this for every stroke we feel,
That richly can each human loss supply;
Give weakness, strength, the wound of sorrow heal,
When all the shallow streams on earth are dry.

Ah dear belov'd companion of my way,
Friend of my youth, and partner of my heart,
Where friendship could its healing balm convey,
And soul to soul its inmost thoughts impart:

But tho' unerring Wisdom all divine,
Has veil'd from sight the object of my love;
Ne'er from my heart, while memory shall be mine,
Thy deep fix'd image ever will remove.

Here the few sands that in the glass remain,
With momentary speed are wing'd for flight;
O may we meet, beyond this scene of pain,
Where broken bands—for ever shall *unite*.

Then the soft union shall again rejoin
By ties immortal, on Canaan's shore;
And all our friendship lasting and divine,
Shall feel the separating wound *no more*.

While Hope this blissful period can survey,
A debt remains to thy lov'd memory due,
(Perhaps the last my trembling hand shall pay,)
When thus thy fair example—we review.

In watchful walking, and a soul resign'd
She cheerful shar'd the sympathetic part,
Her courteous mien, and sanctity of mind;
Warm'd with benevolence her feeling heart.

Tho' sad declension oft she would deplore,
Yet cautious still and fearful to offend;
Her gentle breast the silent sorrow bore,
And mourn'd for follies,—past her reach to mend.

Her piety was silent and sincere,
Known to her God—and to her God aspir'd;
Far from the busy life, the public sphere,
Her humble dwelling, in the vale retir'd.

'Twas here she kept the path of duty plain,
'Twas here she lent the generous kind supply;
Pour'd healing balm to sooth affliction's pain,
And wip'd the tear from hidden sorrows' eye.

My dear beloved, on earth enjoyed as mine,
Tho' now to sight and sense enjoyed no more,
To God *alone*, my friend I can resign,
Till his own goodness, shall the gift restore!

In those blest climes where living pleasures flow,
Unmix'd with frailty, nor by death destroy'd;
'Tis here thy bright immortal flame shall glow,
By God perfected and in him enjoy'd.

This glorious prospect,—cheers the mourner's way,
This glorious prospect, teaches to resign,
Till the pure being triumphs o'er decay:
And spirits centre—into life divine.

1792. H. G.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

Ideas similar to those entertained by "Husband" and his wife respecting water passing through the pores of earthen and glass vessels, and resting on the surface in the form of sweat, appear to be predominant amongst the uninstructed, and those in whose breasts a taste for Natural Philosophy has never existed.

Persons whose aspiring genius has never soared beyond the limits of the visual ray, or whose penetration dives not below the superficial appearance of the objects around them—who have been accustomed to treat Philosophy and the noble pursuits of science and erudition, with contempt, as subjects beneath their notice, and only fitted to the tempers and humours of the dull cold votaries of stoic gravity, or the dry and insipid employment of bachelarian retirement, will hardly be able to comprehend the simple but mysterious phenomenon of a pitcher of cold water perspiring; though these are they who in their own estimation possess the most shining qualifications for acting in the great sphere of life; and who, though always in an error, will never be convinced of it, but

"Even though vanquish'd they could argue still."

I happened a few evenings ago to be in company with my neighbour Billy O Bluster, who though not very learned is a pretty knowing fellow, and observing a pitcher of pump water standing in the room with the appearance of moisture on the out side; he said, "I have remarked with admiration that the colder the water the more it will sweat, while on the contrary the warmer I am, the more I perspire (having heard perhaps that "like causes produce like effects in the Philosophical world") upon which I took occasion to ask him how the moisture came on the surface of the pitcher—"how does it come there? why it is obvious how it comes—since it is evident to the sight, and from the nature of the case that it does not go over the top—therefore it must come through the pitcher in the same manner that fluid matter oozes from the pores of the skin in the act of perspiration."—Knowing it to be impossible to convince him of his error by argument, I thought it unnecessary to enter further into a discussion of the subject, but ended the dispute by changing the conversation.

PHILIDA's explanation of this phenomenon is satisfactory, and has doubtless met the approbation of the Fire-side guests, inasmuch as it has for its object the instruction of those who may have been ignorant of the cause of this *inanimate perspiration.*

PHILETUS.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors,

Reading the following lines a few days since, it struck me that they would please some of your readers, if inserted in your useful paper, if you should think so, you are at liberty to publish them.

Your Friend,

S. R. T.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

BY THE LATE ROBERT MERRY, ESQ.

The sun was just retir'd, the dews of eve
Their glow-worm lustre scatter'd o'er the vale,
The lonely nightingale began to grieve,
Telling with many a pause her tenderest tale.

No clamours rude disturb'd the pensive hour,
And the young moon, yet fearful of the night,
Rear'd her pale cressent o'er the burnish'd tow'r,
That caught the parting orb's still lingering light.

'Twas then, where peasant footsteps mark'd the way,
A wounded soldier feebly mov'd along,
Nor aught regarded he the soft'ning ray,
Nor the melodious bird's expressive song.

On crutches borne, his mangled limbs he drew,
Unsightly remnants of the battle's rage;
While pity, in his youthful form, might view,
A helpless prematurity of age.

Then as with strange contortions, laboring slow
He gain'd the summit of his native hill,
And saw the well known prospect spread below,
The farm, the cot, the hamlet, and the mill.

In spite of fortitude, one struggling sigh,
Shook the firm texture of his torture'd heart,
And from his hollow and dejected eye
One trembling tear hung ready to depart.

"How chang'd" he cried "is this fair scene to me,
"Since last this narrow path I went;
"The soaring lark felt no superior glee,
"Nor any human breast more true content.

"When the fresh hay was o'er the meadow strewn,
"Amidst the busy throng I still appear'd
"My prowess too, at harvest time was shewn,
"While Peggy's carol every labour cheer'd.

"The burning rays I scarcely seemed to feel,
"If the dear maiden near me chanced to rove,
"Or if she deign'd to share my frugal meal,
"It was a rich repast a feast of love.

"And when at evening with a rustic's pride,
"I dar'd the sturdiest wrestler on the green:
"What joy was mine, to hear her at my side,
"Extol my vigor and my manly mien.

"Ah! now no more the sprightly lass shall run,
"To bid me welcome from the sultry plain;
"But her averted eye my sight shall shun,
"And all our cherish'd fondest hopes be vain.

"Alas! my parents must ye too endure,
"That I should gloom for e'er your homely mirth,
"Exist upon the pittance ye procure,
"And make me nurse the hour that gave me birth.

"O hapless day! when at the neighbouring wake,
"The gaudy sergeant caught my wondering eye,
"And as his tongue of war and honour spake,
"I felt a wish to conquer or to die.

"Then while he bound the ribbons on my brow,
"He talk'd of captains kind and comrades good:
"Said a whole nation would my fame avow,
"And bounty call'd the purchase of my blood.

"Yet I refus'd that bounty, I disdain'd
"To sell my service in a righteous cause;
"And such to my dull sense it was explain'd,
"The cause of monarchs, justice, and the laws.

"The rattling drums beat loud, the fifes began,
"My country's danger seem'd to ask my aid,
"Thro' ev'ry vein the thrilling ardor ran,
"I left my humble cot, my village maid.

"O hapless day! torn from my Peggy's charms,
"I thence was hurried to the scene of strife,
"To painful marches and the din of arms,
"The wreck of reason and the waste of life.

"In loathsome vessels now with crowds confin'd,
"Now led with hosts to slaughter in the field,
"Now backward driven like leaves before the wind,
"Too weak to stand and yet asham'd to yield.

"Till oft repeated victories inspir'd,
"With tenfold fury the indignant foe,
"Who ruthless still advanc'd as we retir'd,
"And laid our boasted, proudest honours low.

"Through frozen deserts then compell'd to fly,
"Our bravest legions mouldered fast away,
"Thousands, of wounds and sickness left to die!
"While hovering vultur's mark'd them for their prey.

"Ah! sure remorse their savage breasts must rend,
"Whose desperate selfish phrenzy could decree;
"That in one mass of murder man should blend,
"Who sent the slave to fight against the free.

" Unequal contest!—at fair FREEDOM's call,
" The noblest kind glows with celestial fire;
" The rules, directs, prevades, and conquers all,
" And armies at her sacred glance expire.

" Then be this warfare of the world accurs'd
" The son now weeps not on the father's bier;
" But gray hair'd age, (for nature is revers'd)
" Drops o'er his children's grave an icy tear."

Thus having spoke by varying passions tost,
He reach'd the threshold of his fathers shed;
Who knew not of his fate, yet mourn'd him lost,
Amidst the number of the unnam'd dead.

Soon as they heard his well remember'd voice
A ray of rapture chas'd habitual care,
" Our William lives!—we may again rejoice,"
And Peggy sweetly blush'd—for she was there.

But when he entered in such horrid guise,
His mother shriek'd and dropt upon the floor;
His father look'd to heaven with streaming eyes,
And Peggy sunk alas! to rise no more.

O may this tale which agony must close,
Give deep contrition to the self-call'd great:
And show the poor how hard's the lot of those,
Who shed their blood for ministers of state.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Editors.

I saw your query respecting bringing pounds shillings &c. Pennsylvania currency into Dollars: and vice versa. In answer to which I propose the following:—To bring pounds, &c. into Dollars, first set down the pounds and make a decimal point: then mentally affix a cipher to the right of the shillings, and divide this number by 2; put this quotient to the right of the decimal point, then multiply by 8 and divide by 3, and this quotient will be the answer of the pounds and shillings in cents. And if there be pence and farthings, consider what number of cents will equal them, and add them to the above quotient.

Examples.

£. s. d.	£. s. d.
764 14 6*	426 17 9
764.70	426.85
8	8
3)6117.60	3)3414.80
2039.20	1138.26
7=6d	10=9d
2039.27	1138.76

Bring dollars into pounds by the Rule of Practice thus:

5/.	1/3	200
		50
2/6	1/4	25
		75 £. *Ans.*

---

* Thus: 6*d* nearly equal 7 *cts.*

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors of the Evening Fire-side.

Being an occasional reader of your papers, I have felt solicitous that they may be a deposit for such pieces *only*, as are calculated to promote Religious, Moral, or Literary instruction, and thus be kept free from sentiments, that have a tendency to contaminate the human mind, and which I have often observed with regret in periodical publications. Having read with satisfaction a piece on Devotion, said to be taken from one of the British reviews, have thought it would be interesting to the serious part of your Readers, to whom the subject which it delineates is doubtless an important one; am therefore disposed to forward it for publication, if it is judged suitable.

M.

8th mo. 4th, 1805.

" Devotion, considered simply in itself, is an intercourse between *God* and us, between the supreme self-existent, inconceivable Spirit, which formed and preserves the universe, and that particular spirit, with which for awful reasons, he has animated a portion of matter upon earth that we call man.

" It is a silent act, in which the soul divests itself of outward things, flies into Heaven, and pours forth all its wants, wishes, hopes, fears, guilts or pleasures, into the bosom of an Almighty friend. Though this devotion in its first stages, may be a wearisome or insipid exercise, merely from the depravity of nature and of our passions—a little habit will overcome the reluctance; and when you have fairly entered on your journey, the ways of this wisdom, will be ways of pleasantness, and all its paths peace.—True devotion doubtless requires a considerable degree of abstraction from the world,—hence modern Christians teach it as a vision, hence many modern writers, have little of its unction: but it glows in the scriptures, it warms us in the fathers, it burned in Austin, and many other of the persecuted martyrs who are now with *God*: that we hear little of it is not wonderful; it makes no noise in the circle of the learned or the elegant; under a heap of worldly cares, we smother the lovely infant, and will not let it breathe.—Vanity, ambition, pleasure, avarice, quench the celestial fire; and these alas! are too much the God of mortals—ever since the world began, writers have been amusing us with shadows of this piety, instead of giving its soul and substance; superstition has placed it in opinions, ceremonies, austerities, pilgrimages, an august temple or splendid imagery, which has little connection with sentiment or spirit.

" Enthusiasm has swelled with unnatural conceptions, and obtruded a spurious offspring on the world, instead of this engaging child of reason and truth—whilst the lukewarm have rested in a few outward duties, which have had no vigour, and as they spring not from the heart, never entered the temple of the most high.—Real piety is of a very different and of a much more animated nature; it looks up to God, sees, hears, feels him in every event, in every vicissitude, in all places, at all seasons, and upon all occasions.—It is theory verified by experience; it is faith substantiated by mental enjoyment; it is heaven transplanted in the human bosom; it is the radiance of the Divimity warming and encircling man. It is a spiritual sense gratified by spiritual sensations—without this all ceremonies are inefficacious; books, prayers, sacraments and meditations, are but a body without a soul, or a statue without animation.

" That man is capable of such an intercourse with his Maker, there are many living witnesses to prove, without having recourse to the visions of fanatics, or the dreams of enthusiasts; it may be proved to spring from natural or philosophical causes—God is a spirit, so is the mind; bodies can have intercourse, so can souls: when minds are in an assimilating state of purity, they have union with their Maker; this was the bliss of Paradise; sin interrupted; and holiness must restore it to the soul.—Thus disposed, the Creator communicates himself to the soul, in a manner, which is as insensible to the natural eye, as is the falling of dews; but not less refreshing to its secret powers, than they are to vegetation. The primitive saints are thus described, when they speak of their transports. David felt it, when he longed for *God*, as the heart panteth after the water-brooks. St. Paul when he gloried in tribulation; it was embodied in him when he was carried up into the third Heavens, and heard things not to be uttered; St. Stephen was filled with it, when he saw the heavens opened and prayed for his mur-

derers.—By it martyrs were supported when they were stoned and sawed asunder; and until we feel it ourselves we shall never know *fully*, how glorious the Lord is—if you can acquire this spiritual abstraction, it will be of little moment what is your lot on earth; or what the distinguishing vicissitudes of your life; prosperity and adversity; health or sickness, honour or disgrace, a cottage or a crown, will be so many instruments of glory.—The whole creation will become a temple; every want, and every object will lead your mind to God, and his greatness and perfection.—If I wish only to set off your person to the greatest advantage, I would recommend this true sublime of Religion; it gives a pleasing serenity to the countenance, and a cheerfulness to the spirit, beyond the reach of art, or the power of affectation.—It communicates a real transport to the mind, which dissipation mimics only for a moment—a sweetness to the disposition, and a lustre to the manners, which all the airs of modern politeness study but in vain.—Easy in yourself, it will make you in perfect good humour with the world; and when you are diffusing happiness around you, you will only be dealing out the broken fragments that remain, after you have eaten: thus devotion is essential to a silent intercourse with God."

ON REFLECTION.—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

When, thro' the varying scenes of youthful toys,
Revolving time has hush'd unsteady boys;
When wanton pastimes cease to give content,
And judgment cries aloud, repent! repent!
When sharp reflection on thy mispent days;
Thy vain discourses, and thy idle plays
Depress thy soul; thy heart with sorrow flows,
And briny torrents keep thee from repose:
Oh then! fond youth, in resignation wait;
The Lord is gracious, and his mercy's great;
Give up thy all, and he'll prepare the way,
Thro' clouds of darkness to celestial day.
He'll purge thy heart, and purify thy mind,
Nor leave the work unfinish'd, till refin'd,
Yield but thy will to his, and stand resign'd.

MEDITATIONS ON A BROOMSTICK.

This single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in the forest, it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs: but now in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk. It is now at best but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air. It is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make her things clean and be nasty itself; at length, worn to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use of kindling a fire: when I beheld this, I sighed and said within myself, *Surely mortal man is a broomstick!* Nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk: he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew upon his head; but now, should this, *our broomstick*, pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the first lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellencies, and other men's defaults!

But a *broomstick*, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and pray what is man but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal faculties continually mounted over his rational, his head where his heels should be, grovelling on the earth! and yet with all his faults, he sets up to be an universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances, rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before, sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away. When worn to the stumps like his brother broom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

SWIFT.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, to her daughter.

MY DEAR CHILD,

You have given me a great deal of satisfaction by your account of your eldest daughter. I am particularly pleased to hear she is a good arithmetician; it is the best proof of understanding: the knowledge of numbers is one of the chief distinctions between us and brutes. * * * * * * * * *

I will speak to you as supposing her not only capable, but desirous of learning: in that case by all means let her be indulged in it. You will tell me I did not make it a part of your education: your prospect was very different from hers. As you had much in your circumstances, it seemed your business to learn how to live in the world, as it is hers to know how to be easy out of it. It is the common error of builders and parents, to follow some plan they think beautiful (and perhaps is so,) without considering that nothing is beautiful which is displaced. Hence we see so many edifices raised, that the raisers can never inhabit, being too large for their fortunes. Vistas are laid open over barren heaths, and apartments contrived for a coolness very agreeable in Italy, but killing in the north of Britain: thus every woman endeavours to breed her daughter a fine lady, qualifying her for a station in which she will never appear, and at the same time incapacitating her for that retirement, to which she is destined. Learning, if she has a real taste for it, will not only make her contented, but happy in it. No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting. She will not want new fashions, nor regret the loss of expensive diversions, nor variety of company, if she can be amused with an author, in her closet. To render this amusement complete, she should be permitted to learn the languages. I have heard it lamented that boys lose so many years in learning mere words: this is no objection to a girl, whose time is not so precious: she cannot advance herself in any profession, and has therefore more hours to spare; and as you say her memory is good, she will be very agreeably employed this way. There are two cautions to be given on the subject: first, not to think herself learned when she can read Latin, or even Greek. Languages are more properly to be called vehicles of learning, than learning itself, as may be observed in many school-masters, who, though perhaps critics in grammar, are the most ignorant fellows upon earth. True knowledge consists in knowing things, not words. I would no farther wish her a linguist, than to enable her to read books in their originals, that are often corrupted, and are always injured by translations. Two hours' application every morning will bring this about much sooner than you can imagine, and she will have leisure enough besides, to run

over the English poetry, which is a more important part of a woman's education than is generally supposed. * * * * * * * * * * * *

You should encourage your daughter to talk over with you what she reads, and as you are very capable of distinguishing, take care she does not mistake pert folly for wit and humour, or rhyme for poetry, which are the common errors of young people, and have a train of ill consequences. The second caution to be given her, (and which is most absolutely necessary,) is to conceal whatever learning she acquires, with as much solicitude as she would hide crookedness or lameness: the parade of it can only serve to draw on her the envy, and consequently the most inveterate hatred of all the *he* and *she* fools, which will certainly be at least three parts in four of her acquaintance. The use of knowledge in our sex, besides the amusement of solitude, is to moderate the passions, and teach us to be contented with a small expence, which are the certain effects of a studious life; and it may be preferable even to that fame which men have engrossed to themselves, and will not suffer us to share. * * * * * * * * * *

If she has the same inclination, (I should say passion) for learning that I was born with, history, geography, and philosophy will furnish her with materials to pass away, cheerfully, a longer life than is allotted to mortals. I believe there are few heads capable of making Sir Isaac Newton's calculations, but the result of them is not difficult to be understood by a moderate capacity. Do not fear this should make her affect the character of Lady —, or Mrs. —: those women are ridiculous, not because they have learning, but because they have it not. One thinks herself a complete historian, after reading Echard's Roman History; another a profound philosopher, having got by heart some of Pope's *unintelligible* essays; and a third is an able divine on the strength of Whitfield's sermons: thus you hear them screaming politics and controversy.

It is a saying of Thucidides, that ignorance is bold, and knowledge reserved. Indeed it is impossible to be far advanced in it, without being more humbled by a conviction of human ignorance, than elated by learning. At the same time I recommend books, I neither exclude work nor drawing. I think it is as scandalous for a woman not to know how to use a needle, as for a man not to know how to use his pen. I was once extremely fond of my pencil, and it was a great mortification to me when my father turned off my master, having made a considerable progress for the short time I learned. My over eagerness in the pursuit of it, had brought a weakness in my eyes, that made it necessary to leave off; and all the advantage I got was the improvement of my hand. I see, by hers, that practice will make her a ready writer: she may attain it by serving you for a secretary, when your health or affairs make it troublesome to you to write yourself; and custom will make it an agreeable amusement to her. She cannot have too many for that station which will probably be her fate. The ultimate end of your education was to make you a good wife (and I have the comfort to hear you are one:) hers ought to be to make her happy in a virgin state. I will not say it is happier; but it is undoubtedly safer than any marriage. In a lottery where (at the lowest computation) there are ten thousand blanks to a prize, it is the most prudent choice not to venture. I have always been so thoroughly persuaded of this truth, that, notwithstanding the flattering views I had for you (as I never intended you a sacrifice to my vanity) I thought I owed you the justice to lay before you all the hazards attending matrimony: you may recollect I did so in the strongest manner. Perhaps you may have more success in instructing your daughter: she has so much company at home, she will not need seeking it abroad, and will more readily take the notions, you think fit to give her. As you were alone in my family, it would have been thought a great cruelty to suffer you no companions of your own age, especially having so many near relations; and I do not wonder their opinions influenced yours. I was not sorry to see you not determined on a single life, knowing it was not your father's intention, and contented myself with endeavouring to make your home so easy that you might not be in haste to leave it.

I am afraid you will think this a long insignificant letter. I hope the kindness of the design will excuse it, being willing to give you every proof in my power that I am your most affectionate mother.

M. W. M.

A Jewish tradition mentioned by Addison.

Moses in a conference with the supreme Being, was permitted to ask him some questions concerning his management of the world, and amongst the same was commanded to look down on the plain below where at a spring which issued out of the mountain, he saw a soldier alight from his horse to drink; who, being gone, a little boy came and found a purse of gold which the soldier had dropt, and taking it up went away with it, next came an infirm old man weary with age and travelling, and he having quenched his thirst, sat down to rest himself by the spring; when the soldier missing his purse returned to seek for it and demanded it of the old man, upon whose protesting he had not seen it, the soldier killed him. Moses struck with horror and amazement, the divine voice thus prevented his expostulation: be not surprised Moses, nor enquire why the judge of the whole earth has suffered this to be; the child indeed was the occasion that the old man lost his life, but know that the same old man had murdered that child's father.

[*Purver's Notes on Exodus.*]

From the Boston Gazette.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

Mess. Russel & Cutler,

The season is such, that it requires every prevention to be used, to preserve the health and lives of our fellow mortals, and more especially in seaports and cities, where the air becomes very much impregnant by the effluvia that arises from putrid substances which are thrown into the streets and docks. The most dangerous of these is that which arises from putrid vegetables, such as sallads and the pods of peas and beans that have been kept till they become very much withered, and soon will ferment and become putrid when thrown from the doors and windows of houses, and trodden in the mud. It is highly necessary that every family should see that their yard and street be kept clean from every kind of substance, when we have not a sufficiency of rain to wash them. Whenever a person has received into his lungs any of this putrid gas, it will immediately raise a fermentation, and become so acrimonious as to destroy the crasis of the blood at once—and by the globules of the blood being broken and mixing with the serous juices, it soon causes a constagnation, and putrefaction will immediately take place. To remedy this, it is necessary that we make use of such kind of diet and drink, as will prevent any kind

of fermentation taking place in the system. As it is common for mankind to perspire a considerable deal in hot weather, it is necessary that these vacancies should be supplied with some kind of fluid or other; and we ought to make use of the most antisceptic kind of drinks, and those that will the least ferment, when taken into the body, especially in hot weather.

I have been in the study of Botany for some years, and have travelled through the vegetable kingdom, in search of the virtues which they contain; and have tried many experiments to know their qualities—and I feel myself in duty bound to expose to the public, at this hot and critical season, one of the greatest antisceptics in nature.

The Hop, or Lupulus,

Is one of the greatest antiputrescents that can be produced on the continent of America, or even on the heaths of the old kingdom—so much so, that even their liquor will prevent a piece of meat from putrifying in very hot weather; and of course a beer made of hops will preserve the juices of the body more than any other liquors whatever, because that fermentation will not take place in the liquor hops, unless something is added in order to excite it.

I believe, that if hop liquor was made use of in those cities and sea ports, which are so often visited with epidemic disorders and the yellow fever, that we should hear of very few that would fall victims to its virus.

The virtue of hops is such, that it will very much correct the bile, and even dissolve gall stones in the liver, and cleanse the kidneys from sand and gravel, and dissolve and carry off the stone in the bladder, by its lithrontific and diuretic quality.

Those who drink freely of hop beer, will not be troubled with the jaundice or dysentery, and will have no occasion of taking emetics or cathartics to keep themselves regular. The flower of hops is a great soporific and easer of pain; so much so, that when opium has failed to give ease, you will find by hanging them in your bed-chamber, and strewing a few of the flowers between the sheets, that the patient will rest easy and quiet. I should advise to quit those fermentable liquors, such as malt beer, and virus and ardent spirits, and make use of hop beer as a substitute, and I think we should not hear of any putrid disorder prevailing amongst us, although the season is uncommonly hot.

The quantity to make a barrel is small, 10 or 12 ounces are sufficient. I shall say nothing more at present concerning hops—but will ere long, refer the public to the botanical Port-folio, where a general description will be given of roots and herbs for the use of the public.

HERBARIUS.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—By the latest London papers received, it appears, that every thing was bustle and preparation on the French coast opposite England: and the Engish, on land and water, were neither asleep nor inactive. Appearances again indicated an invasion expected.

The British Channel fleet had been augmented to thirty sail of the line. The French remained in Brest. The Rochefort squadron were watched.

Private letters from India state, that Marquis Wellesley has effected an entire pacification in the newly conquered Mahratta dominions.—Very furious disputes still exist among the excluded and reinstated Zemindars in the ceded provinces of Bengal and the Carnatic. General Lake, after a severe conflict, had defeated the army of Holkaer, who after the dispersion of his cavalry, had taken refuge with his remaining troops in one of his forts, and it was expected he would soon be compelled to surrender.—The loss on both sides had been very great.

The House of Commons have decided for a criminal prosecution against Lord Melville. For it 238—against it 229. Majority 9. On this question Lord Sidmouth (late Mr. Addington) and his friends, voted with the opposition against Ministers. Lord Melville will thus be obliged to stand a trial at the court of King's Bench, where the reports of the secret committee of the House of Commons had already been presented.

Russia, by accounts coming down to a late date, appears still to prosecute most strenuously, the extension of her power on the Black Sea. The internal improvement of the empire advances more rapidly than ever. The Georgians, Mingrelians, Circassians, and those other barbarous tribes which desolate and infest the regions between the Russian and Persian empires, are about to be subdued, restrained and civilized. The Emperor Alexander seems to incline to peace with France, yet prepares for war. Sweden declares against Bonaparte with spirit and firmness. Denmark is silent, on account of the vicinity of the French troops, or for other reasons. The differences between that power and Sweden, it is said, are far from being adjusted. Prussia still maintains a doubtful part. The Turkish government acting, like Sweden, has boldly set the menaces of Bonaparte at defiance. Austria hesitates, maintains a threatening posture and aspect, and tries to wrest from Prussia, the pride of being umpire in the present contest. Portugal is still secure in a sort of neutrality, by the prudence of its government, by the readiness of its contributions, by the danger lest Russia should take arms, and Spain revolt as soon as the Portuguese were actually attacked.

A letter from Vienna repeats the statement that Bonaparte had signified his wish to occupy the Dalmatia and the Venetian territory during the war—It is added, that he had offered to give the Island of Sardinia to the King of Naples in exchange for his continental dominions. It is also said at Vienna, that a considerable alarm prevails, in consequence of the determination of the Court to increase the military peace establishment, and the State Paper has experienced a considerable depreciation from the alarm of war.

At Milan, fetes in honour of Bonaparte's coronation, continue to be given almost daily.

A letter received by the ship Otis, arrived at New-York, from a respectable gentleman in London to his Friend in this city, states that a negociation was then depending between Great Britain and France, and that different opinions were entertained of the result; the writer himself did not think it would be productive of peace.

We hear that the combined fleet was seen beating to windward, and Admiral Nelson, in full chase, steering the same course, and within 20 hours sail of the enemy.—Lord Nelson had been eighteen days in chase, and by calculation had gained 20 miles a day on the combined fleet. The fleet of West-Indiamen reported to have been burnt by the French, had all arrived at Guadaloupe.

Among other curious instances of imprisonment in the Temple, says a private letter from Paris, is that of the Chanoine of the Cathedral in Paris, Gandon, for never having, during Mass, sung with a voice sufficiently audible, "Domine salvum fac Imperatorem"—"God save the Emperor;" and the Curate Boisteve, of Fontena in La Vendee, for having sung those words so loudly as to excite laughter!

The Society of Agriculture and Arts at Paris has been lately occupied with the improvement of the Plough, and have decreed the offer of a Medal to our President for the valuable communications on this subject.

We are informed, that the frigate Cleopatra, on her return to Halifax from Newfoundland, fell in with not less than 500 islands of ice, some of which were three miles in length, and had grounded in 100 fathoms water. It was feared she would be lost—The Ville de Milan was at Halifax, repairing.

DOMESTIC.—The many robberies and attempts at robbery which have been lately made in this city, in Germantown, and other places in its vicinity, have induced a suspicion that they were the works of a connected

gang of villians. Patroles have accordingly nightly paraded our streets for some time past. Many suspicious persons have been taken into custody, as well as some who were surprised in their attempts at plunder.

A daring robbery was committed on the person of John Peter, one of the clerks in the Bank of Columbia, while on his way from Georgetown to Alexandria, with between sixteen and seventeen thousand dollars in notes of the Bank of Alexandria, for the purpose of having them exchanged At a small hedge of brambles by the road-side he was seized, the notes taken from him, and the contents of a pistol lodged in his side. His wound, we are pleased to hear, is not likely to prove mortal. A subsequent account states that the robber has been detected in his own house, and all the notes recovered except ten or twelve dollars.

Under our penal code from which sanguinary punishments are so generally excluded, and of which the object is as well to *reform the criminal* as to secure the community from his depredations, it behoves every friend of humanity to use his utmost efforts for the detection and prosecution of offenders.

It is truly pleasing to hear that the alarm of yellow fever which lately prevailed at New Haven and Providence, has in a great measure subsided.

In various parts of New-Jersey the dysentery, proving more or less severe, in different places, has been and is still prevailing. At Bridgetown, in Cumberland county, the mortality has been very great among children, and some grown persons have fallen victims to it. At Moore's-Town (Burlington county) and its vicinity, the same disorder has prevailed with equal melancholy effects.

Fire in the Pines.—An alarming fire we learn, from different quarters, has been raging in the pine woods in Burlington county for eight or ten days past. In what particular part this fire broke out, our informants were uncertain. The very combustible state of the underwood, shrubs and dead grass, in these woods, owing to the severe drought, must render this fire rapid in its progress and very extensive in its ravages. We hope soon to hear that the late showers have passed across its track and put a stop to its progress—but that this is the case we confess we have but small expectations, considering the course which showers have usually taken the present summer.

Several destructive fires have recently occurred in the interior of New-Hampshire—Not only many buildings but whole fields and forests, with a number of cattle, have been consumed.

The drought of which we feel the effects here, has been more severe to the eastward, as appears by the following selections from their Newspapers.

Rutland, Vt. July 20.—We have had no rain of consequence for near 40 days. The cornfields are suffering excessively, the pastures are dried up, and the fires are running over the woods and fallows in an alarming manner. Many fields of wheat adjoining the burning woods have been totally destroyed. A field of 10 acres in Fairhaven, it is said, caught fire while the farmers were reaping, and the wheat was entirely burnt up.

New-London, July 31.—It is now upwards of 9 weeks since we were visited with any considerable quantity of rain. No drought equal to the present, has occurred in this quarter since 1761; that year the corn was entirely cut off.

A letter from a gentleman in Virginia, to a friend in Connecticut, states, that they have lately been visited by the most tremendous Hail Storm ever known that country. "It commenced its career, in the neighbourhood of Stanard's-ville (Orange county) and pursued a south-east direction to James' river, beyond which I have heard nothing of it. Many wheat crops are entirely destroyed by it; and some farms not a particle of herbage, of any description is left. Hail stones were found in some places 14 inches in circumference: and near the place of its commencement is said to have remained on the ground 13 days during which time it was excessively warm."

From Quebec we learn, that they have been visited in that place also with a tremendous hail storm. It is described as descending in stones as large as pistol balls, and lumps of ice of various shapes. Much damage has been the consequence.

The Corporation of the city of New York have offered a premium of Five Hundred Dollars for the first quantity of good Pit Coal (not less then ten chaldrons) which shall be brought to the city from any pit or mine in the state within ten miles of the sea shore, or any part of Hudson's River below the town of Waterford in the county of Saratoga.

A Treaty has been concluded in the state of Ohio with several Indian tribes, by which one million two hundred thousand acres of land have been ceded to the United States for an annuity of eight hundred and twenty-six dollars.

We are happy to perceive a spirit of experimental improvement extending among our Virginian farmers. As a proof of this fact, we may observe that a merchant of this city has lately imported from Ireland, 7 lbs. of Jerusalem or Egyptian wheat, which cost as much as a guinea per pound; and which by the time it came to hand amounted to not less than 44s per lb. It will somewhat surprise our farmers that so small a quantity of any kind of wheat could be worth as much as 15*l.* 8*s.* but when they come to consider its reputed qualities, together with its scarcity, we hope their surprise will give place to the more active sentiment of imitation. Mr. George Blakey near Hanover town, for whom it was imported, intends it is said, to sow it in drills, and hopes to gather from it 2 or 3 bushels.

The Egyptian wheat was first brought from Egypt by one of the Irish officers in the army of Sir Ralph Abercrombie. Its stem, which for strength and thickness resembles the strongest reed, is about 6 feet high, having, when nearly matured, a top or head about twice the size of an ear of our common wheat, together with smaller ears, branching something in the manner of oats. What is said to be most remarkable about the stem is, that it is not hollow, but filled with a nutritious sap or pith, which makes it equal to oats, as a provender for horses or neat cattle. [*Richmond E.*]

Interments in the different burial grounds of this city and Liberties for one week, ending 2d instant. Adults 23—Chilren 43—Total 66.

Deaths in the City of New-York, from the 27th ult. to the 3d inst. Adults 27—Children 41—Total 68.

Interments in Boston for one week ending 25th ult. Adults 5—Children 5—Total 10. A number very small for a population of 30,000.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R.'s communication came too late for the present number; it shall receive attention next week.

A READER'S selection is also entered on our list for the next.

The arithmetical communication contains a useful rule; but it is too generally known to require publication in the Evening Fire-side.

We will conform to the *words* of W.'s request, by giving his offering the *protection it merits.*—In the *pigeonhole* it will rest secure from the shaft of ridicule, or the critic's lash.

The piece *written by moonlight*, does not possess faults sufficiently great for the severity of censure, neither are its beauties prominent enough to engage our view. To its negative qualities, therefore, it owes its dismissal.

OSMOND is laid up with regret. The strain of poetry is good; but that cannot counterbalance grammatical defects, and a threadbare subject.

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH RAKESTRAW, & CO.
NO. 84, NORTH FRONT-STREET,
Where Subscriptions and Communications will be received.

Subscriptions will also be received at BENJAMIN JOHNSON'S *Book-Store, No.* 31, *Market-Street.*